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THE OBSERVER,

DANVILLE, N. C.

DIAS' ROMANTIC ESCAPE.

A President who was once sentenced to be hung.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dias was a prisoner in his hands, and Maximilian might well hope to win him over to his cause, as, according to the martial law proclaimed half a year before, his life was forfeited already, and commutation to perpetual imprisonment would be all he had a right to expect in return for the clemency he himself had shown to prisoners of war now and then. As the price of his influence in favor of the imperial Government, I was instructed to offer him liberty on parole, a pension of 10,000 pesos (\$2,200), and if he would accept it a Colony in the imperial Mexican army, or else the Governorship of Zacatecas. Dias promptly refused. No, he would not accept even liberty on parole, and warned me that he would consider any means of escape as fair under the circumstances. Because then proposed to put him through the forms of a court martial, and sentence him to be hanged, as a preliminary measure to make him realize his situation. The sentence was then to be forwarded to the Emperor for approval, with the knowledge of Dias, and the overtures for a compromise to be renewed with such an argument in favor of their acceptance. The military court proceeded according to instructions, and, in consistent, we decided to offer him the commutation of a parole (parole or prison), as is customary before the infliction of capital punishment. To make this offer I was sent to the Cuartel de San Francisco, an old convent, during duty as an assessor and military prison now. Dias was walking his room, with his arms entwined in the folds of his old cabote, and stopped short at my entrance to listen to Maximilian's message, with mock gravity. But when I was done he looked at me with a peculiar twinkle of his black eyes, and rubbed his hands together, as though delighted at something.

"For Dias, que compaño! Dear me, how kind," he said. "You want to hang me only, and get my soul taken care of, in a way that is a little heretic, the soul of a poor heretic creature! I really do not know how to accept so much kindness. No, tell his Excellency the Mariscal," he added, in a somewhat altered voice, "that I decline even this last proposition. He cannot get me nearer heaven than the rope of his gallows will take me. I'm too far gone in wickedness. I appreciate his intention only as an excellent joke."

"Pardon me, then, Señor," I hastened to say, "we were not acquainted with your peculiar tenets, and did not intend to mock you. It would be infamous, under the circumstances."

Dias changed his tone at once. "That's all right, sir," he said, taking hold of my hand; "but you know, I suppose, you are going to kill me, and if a man sees his end near at hand he is naturally religiously disposed, and to my mind there are not two ideas more distinct than God and the Mexican Church."

The Emperor was notified of all this, but before he could take further steps the prisoner made his escape, the modern operandi of which is as pretty piece of romance in real life as I have often heard of. The Prime of the Mexican Church at the time was the notorious Lavastada, Archbishop and Knechtel, who had watched the signs of the times with the eyes of a lynx, and thought the opportunity favorable to make a move in the interest of "religion." Dias hated him to be sure; but did he not hate the French more? He had directed all his energy against them for the last two years, and was now in their power, about to lose his life, or believed so, anyway. How, if the Church saved his life, and made common cause with him against the enemies of the republic? The ruin of Maximilian was only a question of time to the sharp eyes of the priest; it would perhaps involve blood shed and expenses to declare against him openly right now, but if the influence of Dias could be bought at that price it would not be too high. One afternoon the Archbishop had a long conference with the Father Zolaga, a man of infinite discretion and ability, and toward dusk the padre picked his way through solitary alleys to the ex-monastery of San Francisco, the scene of his rights and intrigues for many a year of the good old times.

Maximilian's prisoner was permitted a piece of yellow candle that might shorten his long nights by half an hour or so, and after seeing his last flickering die away Dias had sunk into his wooden chair to watch the glow of the departed day that still strangely lingered on the snow peaks of the distant Sierra, when he heard a cautious step approaching his chair and a low voice pronounced his name, "Dias amigo!"

"Quien, who the d—?" Dias spoke out; but a hand seized his arm. "Hush! To say a salve!" (Loose to save you.)

It was the Padre Zolaga. He came in the name of Christ, he said. Would Dias consent to serve the Lord and his church, or, if he preferred, at least pledge himself not to prosecute them henceforth? If he would promise that all might be well yet; Maximilian would fall; the Lord had decided against him already; the country would be free, and he, Dias, should regain his liberty this very night, but it must be on the conditions named.

Dias rose from his chair to permit the faint light from the window to fall on the face of his visitor. When he recognized the Padre Zolaga he sat down again. His resolution was taken.

"But how," he asked, "do you propose to save me? Would not any attempt at flight from a place like this be detected and make my lot harder than it is at present?"

"Fear nothing," the monk eagerly replied; "only say, will you be one of us, and will you follow me? There is a subterranean—"

"That is all right, then," Dias replied, rising from his chair and dragging the padre to a corner of the room where he had deposited his mantle and cap. "I agree to your proposal in so far that I will follow you to the outside of these walls, and that right now. If I shall gain the Sierra before morning I have no time to lose."

"Yes, but will you promise—"

"I promise nothing," Dias cut him short. "As soon as we reach the open air our roads part; I shall never walk the ways of your Church."

The Padre with trembling hand tried to loose his sleeve from the iron grasp which held it. "I leave you to your fate then," he sighed; "your execution is decided upon already."

"Yes, it would be pretty bad, if God had not sent you in time," Dias chuckled. "You know that if you make the least resistance or try to elude me I shall alarm the guard; why shouldn't I? And then—the French would hang you before you could confess one per cent of your sins. So let us go, and be quick, please; if you delay me much longer it will not be worth while going, and I shall give the alarm any how."

The padre was too shrewd not to comprehend his mistake, and was not the man to risk his own skin for a barren revenge.

"Well, follow me, then," he sighed, "but be sure the vengeance of God will sooner or later—"

"Hush, hush," said Dias. "I'm no Indian, my good friend; it wouldn't do in my case, you know."

The sentry on the lower floor heard a creaking noise in an unused part of the old building, but said nothing till he was relieved, and no one thought much of the circumstance. But at midnight, when the sergeant of the guard went up stairs with a lantern, the prisoner under his charge was gone, and, though forty minutes later the entire mounted garrison of Puebla galloped out in every direction, none of us or ours ever heard of Gen. Dias again till he appeared as his existence by capturing a silver convoy in the Sierra of Salisco, about a year afterward.

An Italian organ grinder, in a side street in London, with a terribly bad instrument, was mourning pitiously his ill success. He had taken not a penny all day, and had not the wherewithal for a night's lodging. Presently a shrewdly dressed woman came along. "What's the matter, old man?" The Italian artist told his tale. The woman was evidently touched by the man's tears. "We'll soon put that right," she exclaimed. "Give me your organ." When she heard its tones she winced a little. "You are a little out of tune, friends," she said rebukingly, but she set off playing, while the old man looked on bewildered, a crowd began to gather. The old man stood still until the woman was provoked into chiding him for not having recourse to his last: "Pam it round, and be quick; it's money you want, isn't it?" The old man obeyed, and the girl sang to the organ until a good harvest of pennies had been reaped. "Will that do, friend?" she asked, and receiving an affirmative answer, resigned the instrument and passed rapidly away, laughing.

The late Lord Londale was a master of fox hounds. He was going one morning by train to the meet of his pack, and "happened upon" two lively young gentlemen in the same carriage. The two young gentlemen had not a high opinion of the pack, and they had even a worse one of the country. They debated the chances of finding any fox that day, and finally appealed to Lord Londale himself, who was listening to their conversation. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am sure you will find a fox." "Sure?" said they, smiling at each other as they glanced at the dried-up, prim old gentleman. "You can't be sure." "Yes, I can," he replied, calmly, "for I am the master of the hounds." At the same time he drew a hamper from beneath the seat, half raised the lid, and disclosed a fine large fox, saying, "And here he is!"

An up-country editor who wrote his salubrious last week, is already preparing his editorial for next week. It is quite brief, and is as follows: "We commenced publishing this paper two weeks ago with a determination to succeed or spend all the money we could borrow in the attempt. We are pleased to inform our readers that we have not succeeded."

When is a candle like a tombstone? When it is put up for a late husband.

THE EASTERN WAR CLOUD.

Why the Porte rejected the Powers' proposals.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—A Reuter despatch dated Constantinople, Dec. 27, which was delayed by the interruption of the telegraph lines, says: The Marquis of Salisbury, at his audience with the Sultan yesterday, announced that a complete understanding between the powers was achieved during the preliminary conference, and the agreement resulted in the programme which had already been semi-officially communicated to the Porte. Lord Salisbury advised the Sultan to accept the proposals.

The Sultan replied that he deeply regretted that he was compelled to decline giving his adhesion thereto, as his powers were limited by the Constitution.

Lord Salisbury thereupon remarked that one Turkey must not count upon money or men from England, who would leave Turkey to her fate.

The Sultan answered: "It is useless to press me; for I have accepted the proposals it would be at the risk of my crown and life."

Lord Salisbury then asked on what His Majesty relied for defense in case of war.

The Sultan replied that the army and people would defend him. He could not depend on them if he opposed the unanimous wishes of his subjects.

At the conclusion of the interview, Lord Salisbury informed the Sultan that he would be compelled to withdraw the British fleet, in order to disprove the idea that the fleet supported Turkey in resisting the will of Europe.

On leaving the Sultan the Marquis telegraphed to Admiral Drummond to withdraw his fleet immediately from Turkish waters. The Admiral asked for authority to winter in the harbor of Salonica, but Lord Salisbury refused to give it. Consequently a part of the fleet sailed for the Prince, and the remainder proceeded to Malta.

Reuter's despatch from Constantinople, dated Thursday, December 28, says: The Turkish representatives at to-day's sitting of the Conference accepted the prolongation of the armistice without opposition. The Conference afterward discussed the Porte's counter-proposals for reforms applicable to all of the provinces, without distinction. The Plenipotentiaries did not reject these proposals. This is believed to imply willingness on the part of the powers to modify their original proposals. A mutually conciliatory spirit prevailed, the Ottoman delegates appearing disposed to make such concessions as are compatible with the integrity and independence of Turkey. Consequently hopes are entertained that an understanding will be reached, by which all interests will be reconciled.

The full council of Ministers held this evening, began at 7 and ended at 10 o'clock. The Sultan presided in person. This council was followed by a council of Generals, under the presidency of the Commander-in-Chief, which opened at midnight. Midhat Pasha attended the latter council.

Reuter's Paris telegram says that the Porte proposes that the force to be established in the Christian provinces be composed of Christians under European officers. The acceptance of this offer appears probable. The only difficulty is a condition that the officers shall be commissioned by Turkey. Minister Simon, receiving the Syndicate of the Stockbrokers of Paris said, relying upon the wisdom of Europe, he firmly trusted in a peaceful solution of the Eastern question.

A Ragusa telegram, dated Dec. 30, says that Vukovitch and Petrovitch, with 10,000 men each, have recaptured the position on the northern and southern frontiers of Montenegro, which they held before the armistice.

Not far from Drury Lane, London, is a street called Wild street, in which there has long stood a Baptist chapel. This institution has for 173 years been remarkable for a sermon annually preached there in commemoration of the greatest storm that has occurred in England in modern times. Robert Taylor, who survived this fearful visitation after having been exposed to awful peril, placed a small sum of money in the public funds to pay for an annual sermon which never fails to excite extraordinary interest. This storm, for several years afterward mentioned not as a storm, but as the storm, was comparable says Lord Stanhope, in his history of Queen Anne's reign, to the worst in tropical climates. Its chief force was spent in the south and southwest of England. The Queen was aroused from her bed in St. James's palace by part of that venerable structure being blown down, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells and his wife were killed by the fall of a chimney stack. The Registrar of Eton College was blown from his room into the street near Ludgate Hill London. The damage done at Bristol was computed at \$150,000. Portsmouth, says a writer of the time, looks

like a city bombarded. The Eddystone Lighthouse was swept into the sea. The whole country was strewn with giant trees, torn from the roots by a wind such as had never been known before. Curiosity led Deane to count them in a ride around London: He counted 17,000, and then got tired. But the most terrible disaster were at sea: Fifteen sail of the line, including Admiral Boscawen and the whole of his crew, together with several hundred merchantmen, and a sixty-four gun ship, with Admiral Beaufort on board, perished, the latter in full view of Deal. Of 289 men but one was saved—cast by a wave to shore. It has been computed that 8,000 people were lost. The House of Commons presented an address to the Queen deploring the loss to the navy, and suggesting the building of new ships, this being, says Lord Macaulay, the only occasion in England when a tempest evoked a public address, or the national fast which followed it. During Queen Anne's reign the day of the storm continued, infidelity to her proclamation, to be solemnly observed. The worst year in England since then was 1814. In its autumn and winter, the sea was covered with wrecks and the coast with corpses. On Nov. 29 a fearful tempest swept up from the tumultuous Atlantic. The wind raged for three days with appalling fury. The year closed with a long remembered snow storm which absolutely paralyzed locomotion throughout the kingdom for nearly a week. The foreign mails were sent by sea from London to the Continent because the road through Kent, despite the efforts of the immense crowd set to clear it, continued impassable. "Perhaps," observes a writer, referring to it some years later, "no act of nature gives so high a conception of a more than mortal hand—the rapidity of its effect, the subtle but fearless chemistry by which the impalpable element was turned into a material of a totally different form and qualities sufficient to smother millions of miles." What a myriad of human hopes must have been suddenly thwarted or defeated by this visitation, which probably in some indirect manner affected the course of so many careers!

HOW THEN EVADA INDIANS LIVE.

The weather yesterday was of a character to depress the spirit of the noble red man. A dead-in earnest snow storm didn't mind a bit; but wet, thawing weather gets him. When the snow banks up on his wicklop, it adds to keep him warm; but in a rain or thaw the trickling moisture works through the holes in his residence, which is constructed of pretty much all holes, and the cold drops insidiously crawl under his clothes at his neck and creep down his spine and make him get up and howl. In such weather he don't believe that there is no place like home, and so he don't stay at home. He wraps his blanket about him and seeks the haunts of the pale-faces and lounges on the street-corners and chats with his own or some other Indian's squaw. When it is considered that the Indians sleep at night on the damp ground, with scarcely any shelter to speak of, and during the day think no matter how severe the weather, seldom enter a house, one would think their lives must be miserable to an extreme. But such does not seem to be the case; they were born on the bleak hill-sides and the miserable structure, for which but is too good a name, is the only kind of home they have ever known. Most of them would die if forced to live in a comfortable dwelling; and, so long as they possess a blanket and get enough to eat, and can earn a little silver to gamble with, they are far more happy and contented than the majority of white people who live in luxury.

What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

When a man attains the age of ninety, he may be termed X-C-ingly old.

It was a drunken carpenter who said he could not carry his spirit level.

Good headmasters fix young men—the shoulders of their sweet-heart.

Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travelers? Because he never takes his eyes off his trunk.

"Time waits for no man." That's another. Doesn't it always wait for a man who's firmly seated on the top rail before breaks?

A New York firm advertising a watch for after Jan. 1. "A gentle but clear. The gentle watch here for nothing, and if it don't come, with the main crowd, they will come, and too galleries are empty, and the watch blows out the light and the watch looks the worse."

Jeremy Bentham once said: "I should live could be read each at the end of an should then be a witness of the insurance which my works will give to posterity."

FACT AND FABLE.

Fable relates that a rollicking despot on one of his nightly rounds of pleasure with his attendant courtiers, found a beggar asleep from the effects of debauch. The humor seized the monarch to amuse, and perhaps instruct, himself at the expense of the mendicant by startling him with the extreme contrast of human misery and grandeur. He caused the beggar to be conveyed to his palace, to be stripped of his rags, and to be assigned to spacious apartments, rich in all the adornments of magnificent luxury. Upon arousing from his stupor, the beggar awoke to a scene of undreamed of splendor. Obsequious attendants anticipated every want. Gorgeous apparel awaited his toilet. The richest viands tempted his palate. Exquisite music delighted his ear. Around him were spread all the emblems and evidences of riches and power. He was given to know that all these were at his command. The destinies of a kingdom were in his hands. The lives of millions hung upon his nod. For a day he revelled in the luxuries of unaccustomed state. But he indulged his natural appetites, and when night came, he was plunged in a drunken stupor, as profound as that from which he had that morning awoke. The factious monarch had him disrobed of his royal vestments, clad again in the rags of the beggar, and when the wretched outcast again awoke, it was to seem long familiar, and with the bewildering question on his mind if the past day was only a gorgeous dream.

History relates that a man, fallen from his high estate of probity and sobriety, was taken from the gutters of an American City, and, by a transmutation not so rapid but quite wonderful, was, by the mad humor of the American people, subjected to a contrast of positions quite as striking as that which was the experience of the beggar of the fable. With eyes open to the progress of the change, he of history beheld his transfer from the checkered life of a capricious existence, and from the degradation of low haunts of vice to the giddy height of human power, with control over the widest range of human pleasures. The treasures of a nation were at his disposal. The unlimited use of power was in his hands. The peace and happiness of a people trembled in his caprices.

The sun of fable passed away after one brief day of a new existence. The man of history lives as a dread reality. The power of the despot could unseat the beggar his capricious pleasure had enthroned. The will that gave life and consequence to him of the gutters is powerless to pull him down when the time allotted to the indulgence of his fancies had come to its close. Unlike the story in the German story into whom the knowledge of the sculptor had breathed the breath of life, he has become more powerful than his master. He scorns him. He defies him. He will not be down at bidding. He sits in the power so imprudently put into his hands, and scornfully laughs at the futile attempts to recall it. Tired perhaps of the play of royalty in his own person, he contemptuously reveals the tenacity of his purposes by indicating the succession to the same accidental sovereignty. The man of history, oblivious, as he often is, as the man of fable at the end of the day's debauch, is above the reach of any controlling power to transport him again to the time of the gutter; and GRANT, if he can shape his way will fasten himself or his dynasty upon the shoulders of the American people with a seat as firm and tenacious as that of the Old Man of the Sea upon the weary back of poor Sinbad the Sailor.

Bennett of the *Herald* and Dr. Fred May of New York are said to have fought a duel last week, but with so much secrecy that it is not yet positively known that they did fight. May is said to be wounded.

The *Herald* discreetly says nothing. It had too much to say in the Mordecai duel case a year or so ago on the subject of Southern barbarity, and too many moans at Southern chivalry to be able now to vaunt the courage and the gallantry of the editor or rather the owner of that Journal. Pity it loses so good an opportunity to puff the *Herald*.

We have not conversed with a single man in Orange who is not warmly in favor of the election of Magistrates by the Legislature. They feel that they are committed to this plan by their hearty support of the Constitutional Amendments, and are generously anxious to fulfill all their pledges made for the relief of the East.

Did B. order mean to show there was not one honest man in his party when he made John P. Superintendent of Public Instruction?

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

It may be some time before the question takes shape sufficiently definite to be the subject of popular discussion. While it unquestionably occupies a prominent place in public thought, the action of the Legislature is still necessary to give it form, and make it the intelligible subject of approbation or opposition.

The necessity of some action is so apparent that it is clear the question cannot be evaded. The East may safely infer that by failure to obtain relief through the reorganization of county government, it has gained little or nothing by the great democratic victory which so recently swept the State from the sea coast to the mountains. While the Centre and West may well rejoice in many substantial fruits of victory, the East must feel itself cast out from the general jubilation if it is crushed in the hope that finally inspired its energies.

To satisfy the needs of the East without wresting from the Centre and the West what, in the present system of County government, may have proved acceptable to them, is the problem to be solved. The proposition to withdraw powers once granted to the people by the law making power is always a delicate, more often a dangerous one. Yet this is one apparently involved in the very first move towards a reform in county government. It is from the abuses growing out of the election of a county magistracy and a county administration, that the misery of the East has grown. To relieve these miseries, the foundation cause must be removed.

And it can be removed by a process so simple and effectual as that of the appointment of Magistrates—not by the Governor, as has been proposed by some, because he is too far removed from the people, knows nothing personally of their local wants, to say nothing of the enlargement of patronage and power this plan would give him—but by the Legislature. This is the representative directly of the people. Every representative knows personally all his constituents. Knows their wants, knows their wishes, knows who would suit them, knows who would not. This delegation of authority to the Legislature takes nothing from the people; provides the selection of magistrates to men of their own choice, and saves them those bitter contests so often ending in the selection of unfit or unworthy men to administer their laws.

This in itself gives relief to the East because it is through the majority of ignorant or corrupt men, or both, that the more intelligent, the more virtuous, and the more wealthy are at the mercy of an oppressive majority.

The divisions of counties may be preserved without change. Three magistrates may be appointed in each township, one of whom at least ought to belong to the political party in the minority, if a district appointment can be made. Then let these magistrates, at the Court House of the county assembled, elect the County Commissioners, five for Counties having two representatives in the Legislature, and three for those having only one. Let these magistrates also elect the other county officers.

We will go no farther in suggestions at present, except to say that any law to be passed would be imperfect in our opinion unless it goes to the extent of the establishment of some kind of County Court. Not the old county courts, in all respects, because, as tribunals for the trial of cases involving questions of law they were absurdities; but courts of prescribed and limited jurisdiction, with powers of probate, and with authority to exercise the same control over county affairs as are now entrusted to the Commissioners; courts that shall meet at the county seat once every three months or oftener if need be and there openly and in the face of the county, transact the business of the county.

We do not believe that the expenses of the county to the aggregate would be at all increased. On the contrary, from being directed from one common centre and under public scrutiny, we believe they will be less. But greater or less, we think the gain to the county by the restoration of a common bond of unity is an advantage great enough to be purchased at any price. Alienation and jealousies grow out of the present system, and have the necessary effect of repressing all public spirit and retarding all movements to improvement. A common purpose is wanting, and local interest alone is considered.

The counties will come together again as one people, if, as in the olden time, they are drawn to a common centre, once in three months, there to greet each other, there to discuss public affairs, there to scrutinize the conduct of their servants, there to correct abuses, there to suggest schemes of general improvement.

The Asheville Citizen says the Snow is that region is from two and a half to three feet deep on a level, and in the gorges of the Swannanoa pass, the drifts are from fifteen to eighteen feet deep. An Arctic Expedition ought to be fitted out to find Asheville.

SUPREME COURT JUDGES.

It is a long time that before the terms of the present Judges of the Supreme Court expire. Yet it is not the least for public opinion to begin to take shape, and crystallize around some definite point. The composition of the present Court is wearing enough against that haste or partiality of selection based upon the narrow foundations of special party service. Of talent and of learning, there are plenty to be found to adorn this Supreme Court bench, if, to these qualifications were added, those of character. Only the blindness of partisanship can consent to attach to the Court this latter indispensable trait.

The Democratic party is under bonds, to present, in the reorganization of the Court, the widest possible contrast between the present and the future. It will be held inexorably to a rigid fulfillment of its obligations. One of the abundance of its promises, it will be excused for no violation.

But out of the abundance of its material, it can hardly make one. The East, the Centre and the West, are all rich in the choicest subjects of wise selection. We presume others will make their propositions from among those gentlemen in their opinion most eminently qualified, and we are not presumptuous therefore in indicating our preferences.

For Chief Justice, we present the name of the Hon. W. N. H. Smith, of Raleigh, as representing the Centre. Learned in the law, to an extent not exceeded in the bar of North Carolina, pure in morals to a degree to have escaped altogether the breath of reproach, of integrity so shining as to exact unhesitating and submitted confidence, he seems to have been raised up by a special providence for the post that we hope, to be adorned by his name.

For the East, we would unhesitatingly claim the Hon. M. E. Manly, the former distinguished associate of Chief Justice to reoccupy his former seat. His own qualifications and character point him out conspicuously, if a retributive justice did not in itself demand his restoration to the post from which partisan hate ejected him. But if from considerations of years and the exacting labors of the bench might induce Judge Manly to decline, then we would suggest either the Hon. George Davis, or Robert Strange of Wilmington, between whom the choice from the East is to be made. Of these gentlemen, it will be only necessary to say that in ability, in learning and in character, they are the peers of W. N. H. Smith; and in saying this, language can express no higher eulogium.

For the West, with its vast extent of territory from the Centre to the Tennessee line, we are not so decided in our choice, knowing less personally of the many distinguished gentlemen who adorn its bar. Unless indeed, the term 'West' permits us to come nearer home, and then the name of John H. Dilwell of Guilford county, a most learned member of the bar of that County, and a gentleman of irreproachable character occurs to us as a most worthy suggestion. But if this is not allowed us, we will defer the choice to others, only repeating that it is time the subject was having consideration.

No more light on the Presidential Obsecution. Things are no worse, probably not much brighter. Good auguries may be drawn from the increasing force of public opinion, now beginning to be unambiguously expressed. We said some weeks ago, that business interests would compel a satisfactory solution. It is rapidly coming to that, and Republican leaders, were such extreme ones as Frelinghuysen are yielding to the pressure.

In Louisiana, as in South Carolina, two Governors and two Legislatures confront each other. But in respect to the former State, Grant is wiser than with the latter. He will make no recognition until the Congressional Committee reports. If that committee reports, as it seems bound to do, in favor of Nichols, the Democratic claimant, that report necessarily embraces the right of the claims of the Tilden Electors, and thus will end the Presidential difficulties.

John Knox Hughes, one of the Representatives of Orange, has introduced a bill "for the protection of Sheep Husbandry," the fundamental principle of which is just the reverse to dogs. We hope the bill, or its essential features, will be pushed to a satisfactory conclusion. Farmers will blindly stand out against their best interests if they do not favor such a law and demand of their representatives that it shall be enacted.

Pennsboro, Jan. 10.—The South bound mail train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was thrown from the track last night by a misplaced rail. M. Butler, fireman, was fatally injured. Stephen Ledbetter, engineer, was badly injured. Two trains had passed over safely as hour before, just before dark, when all was right. The engineer saw the misplaced rail, but too late to stop. Every thing shows it was deliberately displaced, and the company has offered one thousand dollars for the apprehension of the guilty car.

For the Recorder.

Mr. Editor: If the State at 40 per cent profit in 6 months—the man in charge of the State—will not competition soon make a fair price; or the Press inform the Farmer where to save \$20 per bushel of grain, or 10¢ per bushel of cotton. Not so with money (if merchandise) there is no competition to lower prices. There is no Press or Statesmanship to point the way to cheap money.

Asks whether the State is higher now at \$75 per ton, or 70 per cent per annum. Various rates of interest on money loaned to one foot enough to pay 50 per cent profit on grain for 6 months, or not. I am not disposed to argue. But the money is in the State that has no other right to use money, has the power to regulate the price of it, and will. But the State has the right to put on record that it has no other right to use money, has the power to regulate the price of it, and will. But the State has the right to put on record that it has no other right to use money, has the power to regulate the price of it, and will.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Hesperus The bill for the bridge across the Ohio river between Cincinnati and Cleveland, without a protest, was discussed for three hours and then defeated. The Senate bill for the construction of a new international conference on the subject of the question was discussed for an hour without final action.

Mr. Speaker, of Alabama, presented a joint resolution of the Alabama Legislature asking Congress to appropriate of that body for the construction of a breakwater in the bay and harbor of Mobile. Referred to the committee on Commerce. Without concluding the bill for the revision of the laws the House adjourned.

The special House committee on the privileges, powers and duties of the House of Representatives in counting the electoral votes have so far agreed on only two points: First, the President of the Senate has no power to reject the votes; Second, that the House has equal power with the Senate in counting the electoral votes.

Charles S. C. Jan. 9.—The office of Geo. Hampton's tax collector was regularly opened in Charleston to-day, and hundreds of property holders were with each other for precedence in paying the assessment. The wealthiest and shrewdest business men led the way in an address to the citizens published this morning, and the prospect is that the entire levy will be collected with unprecedented rapidity.

A careful canvass of the State vote is now being made by a referee under an order from the court in the case involving the disputed governorship. I learn to-night the result confirms the election, not only of Hampton, who leads his ticket handsomely, but of all the other Democratic candidates for State office, except Hegood, Democratic candidate for controller-general, who is beaten by Dana, Republican, by a majority of one vote.

Those who have impugned Gov. Hampton's fidelity to the Democratic party, on account of his letter to Hayes may be interested to know a fact for which your correspondent can vouch, namely that during the recent struggle between the rival houses Wallace and Mackey, Hampton was visited by an accredited representative of the Republican administration, and the offer was made that the troops should be withdrawn from the State House, and Chamberlain left to his fate if Hampton would take occasion in some public way to declare his conviction that South Carolina had gone for Hayes. No doubt whatever was entertained that the proposition was made in absolute good faith, but it was quietly and promptly declined.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The President has been repeatedly advised to-day of the condition of affairs in New Orleans, and watched all events in that city with close interest. In conversation he reiterated his views previously expressed and made known through the press on Monday. While he hopes that no such public demonstration will occur as may call for military intervention, he is determined that if they should occur to promptly suppress them through the Army, who while possessing a character for firmness, will be cautiously. Democrats in Washington expressed the hope to-day that the Nicholas government will do nothing to precipitate a conflict of arms with the Federal government, as thereby the former would lose any advantage it now possesses of the latter, and besides would be injured by the interposition of the Federal troops. Insurrection is everywhere manifested in Louisiana affairs at present, especially as wild rumors were freely circulated to-day of sanguinary proceedings in New Orleans.

Barnesburg Jan. 12.—The Senate to-day passed a resolution agreed upon in caucus yesterday denouncing threats of violence being intended to prevent or impair the election for President and Vice President.

New York, Jan. 10.—President Orton is under arrest and will be taken to Washington to-morrow.

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